

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

WALTER G. SMITH

EDITOR

SUNDAY

MAY 23

COLLEGE ENGAGEMENTS.

There is an epidemic of engagements at Berkeley University, ten having been announced during a recent week; and instead of the matter being deemed one for congratulation, the telegrams say that the question of co-education has thereby been revived. In other words, the education of both sexes in the same school having promoted marriage, it is deemed possible that the system is a mistake.

Are we to infer from this that marriage is also a mistake? If not, if it is a service to society and to the human race, as most sane people believe, why should anything that tends toward the union of congenial spirits be discouraged? It being admitted that marriage is a good thing, the best preliminary to it is a close acquaintance of fairly long standing; a chance for young men and women to know each others' qualities and characteristics as they are shown in varying situations; and one might go far without finding so good a vantage ground for "the proper study of mankind" as a four-years' course in a co-educational University. By the senior year there are no illusions on either side; and if a couple, under such circumstances, want to become engaged, why shouldn't they? Matches made at college ought, as a rule, to be good matches; not only for the reasons stated, but because a college man or woman is likely to have come from a well-to-do family of earnest character and to have all the moral and social leverage which that implies.

Abdul Hamid's Costly Establishment

London Standard.

Anyone who has visited a Turkish palace, or even the residence of a wealthy Pasha, must have been struck by the enormous number of idle persons. Loufers abound. It is unnecessary to speak of imperial pipe holders, imperial light carriers, imperial cigarette box holders, but when such office-holders are each provided with an "assistant" and a long tail of attendants, and such sinecures are multiplied several times over, the total cost amounts to a huge figure.

The imperial kitchens, for instance, employ some 240 cooks and 560 scullions. Twice a day they prepare about 3000 "tables" or trays, each carrying a dozen courses. Three hundred attendants, bearing the trays on their heads, distribute them throughout the palace some to the Sultan's apartments, to the harem, to the "mabeyn" (the part of the palace containing the offices and where the Sultan carries on the business of the state), and to a host of sheiks, sherifs and notables.

During the month of Ramadan poor people collect in thousands toward sunset and can count on obtaining "iftar"—the evening meal when good Mohammedans break the fast for the day, taking their first food, water and cigarette since dawn. The waste, extravagance and peculation are beyond description. A French cook at the palace is said to have asked for a little beef to prepare some dish for the Sultan. An ox was bought. On his protesting that he only wanted a little he was answered with a grin that what he did not require could easily be given away. The Sultan's stables are another pretty extravagance—hundreds of horses, with an army of coachmen, grooms and attendants, all living on the fat of the land, and some of them enjoying salaries that might tempt a bank director. The aviaries form another costly hobby. Birds collected all over the world fill cages and inclosures without number, and another huge staff of servants has the care of them, but, of course, the harem heads the list of heavy items.

By harem must be understood not only the Sultan's wives, but all sisters, daughters and relatives, with an odd thousand or so of women attendants and servants, who, by one pretext or another, have succeeded in attaching themselves to the palace. The ladies of the palace keep very high state. Besides their negro attendants they keep up a court, with their ladies of this and mistresses of that, as full and complicated as their lord the Sultan's. In dress and jewelry the ladies of the harem gratify extravagant tastes, on which no curb is placed so long as money can be obtained by hook or crook.

Their indoor dress has been of late years generally European, and Paris supplies many a smart gown for them. In jewelry their taste runs rather toward the gaudy, and ornate rings with large diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, earrings of weight and value, but little artistic beauty; little caps for the head, thickly covered with gems. Their native dresses, too, are frequently stiff with embroidery of precious stones.

Repairing the Daibutsu Temple

Japan Gazette.

The Daibutsu Temple of Nara is now being repaired under the auspices of the Daibutsu Association, of which Prince Kujo is honorable president. Visitors to Nara will already be aware of the history of this gigantic image of Buddha, but under the special circumstances it may be here noted that the Daibutsu Temple was founded by Emperor Shomu (724-48 A. D.) on a much grander scale than it now displays. Since then the temple has suffered from fire in two different wars, and the present building, in which the Daibutsu is enshrined, was completed in the fifth year of Hiei (1706). As the building is over 200 years old, it is considerably weather-worn and out of perpendicular. Its dimensions are: Height, 158 feet; length, 171 feet; depth, 154 feet; area, 1511 tsu. It is the largest wooden building in the world. Repairs to the Daibutsu Temple are very costly, requiring Y.680,000, of which Y.335,000 has been defrayed from the national treasury. The remainder is to be raised by subscription from the public with the permission of the Minister of Home Affairs. In consequence the Nara Daibutsu Association has been organized by the temple authorities in cooperation with the local government, the Governor of Nara Prefecture himself becoming president of the association. In accordance with the rules of the association, subscribers are to be made members of the association and divided into six classes, according to the amount of subscriptions and the value of articles contributed in aid of the repairs. These members will be presented with medals of different grades. The holders of medals are entitled to special facilities on their visit to the Daibutsu Temple. Subscribers of Y.5 and upward will be invited to the opening ceremony of the repaired temple and accorded special treatment. Those subscribing Y.30 and upward will, in addition, be entitled to inspect the national treasures in the precincts whenever they visit the temple. Further privileges will be given to subscribers of larger sums. The list of members will be permanently preserved in the temple, while their names and the amount of subscriptions will be advertised outside the temple. The sum of \$500 is said to have been recently contributed by a party of American tourists. It is expected that the repairs to the Daibutsu Temple will be effected toward the end of 1911.

Will the Martians Respond?

The Chicago Inter Ocean is now quite sure that it will be a good speculation to spend an excessive amount on apparatus to enable us to communicate with the planet Mars. It says: However, when we consider what is the logical deduction the moment we assume that we know now as much about Mars and the Martians as Professor Percival Lowell thinks he knows, there arises a chilling thought to give us pause.

It is assumed by Professor Lowell that Mars must be inhabited by intelligent beings—something like ourselves because certain aspects of that planet seem to be the result of an irrigation system so stupendous that there is nothing on earth even approaching it—a system which takes in practically the whole area of Mars.

If we had on earth no rain or snow except in the polar regions, and no natural bodies of water except in those regions—if in order to grow food we had to irrigate with water led from the polar regions the areas between—we would have conditions like those Professor Lowell sees in Mars.

The beings that could devise and operate such an irrigation system must be intelligent—so intelligent, in fact, that we must believe them our intellectual superiors. Therefore it follows that the Martians—if there are Mar-

THE BYSTANDER



The Nerve Climate.
Frauds That Were.
Humbugging Strikers.
My Pet Kicker.
Political Potpourri.
Elate of the Calf.

Life in Hawaii is good for the nerve, and every now and then somebody proves it. The latest demonstration is a malihini, name unnecessary, who called up ex-Governor Carter the other day.

"Hello, is this Governor Carter?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the answer.

"My name is so and so! I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I knew your brother Charles at college and was a member of his fraternity. I want to say that I am temporarily up against it. Could you loan me \$25 for a day or two—not more than two days at best? And say! I am stopping at Blank's. Wouldn't you be good enough to send the money up?"

The Governor remarked in the phone that he was generally considered easy, but had never thought himself as easy as that. "But I would give you \$25 for the recipe of your nerve tonic," he added, wistfully.

What a lot of frauds have come here in the last few years, not excluding the fellows who sell stock. Do you recall the Malted Milk Major? And the young scamp who dropped off a transport and walked right up to the Central Union Parish House and skinned the brethren for a hundred? And how Assistant Pastor Clark flourished until the Sheriff arrived from Illinois and tore him from the sister-in-law he had eloped with? Lately there was another crew down here, headed by a veteran old fraud of a woman who used to operate in Southern California. This hui had a scheme to sell land in New York or sell the buyers of it here. The fellow who offers you a paste diamond "worth \$300" for \$25, telling you he had smuggled it in and was hard up, has browsed several times in these pastures green. Remember the man, too, who was going to buy Pacific Heights? And the fellow who came here in the yacht with a poker and diamond-stealing outfit—perhaps the very man whom Miss Kaufmann made literature of in her Lippincott story? My friend Steele, who is just out of jail, operates as an old matriculant of your college. Possibly he is the one who called up Governor Carter, the method being his. As to the ordinary boarding house and hotel beat his name is legion; but the religious and temperance faker is not quite so numerous as he was, for which much thanks. He was the worst of the lot.

The strikers are being fed on all sorts of humbug by their leaders. They were told, in the first place, that the plantations would never let them leave; but the plantations have ordered them off the land. Now a story has been circulated that Japan will send transports and take them home where they can find work at a dollar a day in the Formosan sugar fields. But the wage rate in Formosa is just seventeen cents a day and not a copper more, and Japan is much too anxious to get rid of her surplus labor to go into the business of bringing more in. I suspect that the yarns about the willingness of house servants and yardboys to support an army of strikers here in idleness will turn out to be mere persiflage also.

If you have not been in my tailor shop lately, you should come and see the new fancy kicker I have installed. Inquire at any time during business hours. He is warranted to kick at anything and everything and hit it—anything from a horse-fly to a planter or from the superstition that two and two make four to the evil suggestion that the sky is blue and not green. I have had many a kicker about me in my time—Volcano Marshall, old Mac the blacksmith, John Kidwell, Mrs. Gertz, Pastor Thwing, the only Link, but this is the prize-winner of them all, the proud possessor of the crocheted kicking strap.

It is a trifle early for politics, but one hears things. The latest rumor is that the spoilsman from both parties will get together and fix politics so that heads I win, tails you lose, or tails you lose and heads I win, whichever way you like it. Both parties will nominate precisely the same kind of men, and whichever wins will play into the hands of the other. Thus the Republican machine will name A. M. Brown for Sheriff and the Democratic machine H. T. Moore; and the result will be pleasing to the profession either way. The County Attorney's office, which is the most extravagant bureau of the County government—thanks to a pliant Board of Supervisors—has patronage to burn, and this will be used to perfect a machine which hopes to have the assistance, at the primaries, of the Laborites, who saved a plurality for Cathcart last year. The Democratic nominee for County Attorney will either be a spoilsman or a dummy—it is not time yet to decide. Of course, a Board of Supervisors whom the County Attorney's office can use at pleasure in getting jobs for friends of the machine will be regarded as essential.

Speaking of the Associated Press cablegram about an offer of \$35 per month to Porto Rican labor, the Bulletin quotes the fact that \$20 per month was really the cash consideration, and adds:

This puts an end to the wild story from Porto Rico published as having been received from the Associated Press, but believed by some to have been manufactured by the secret agents of the Thugs and Agitators.

"Some" is good. The only intellect in town that could conceive such a thing is the friandean of veal which answers for the mind of the Bulletin.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS.

Pere Beauchene, the missionary priest, has died at the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, of sleeping sickness, contracted in Africa. Fourteen other patients—missionaries, officials and colonials—are undergoing treatment for the same disease at the institute. In all twenty-six cases have been under observation there, several of which have terminated fatally. The treatment has been so far for the most part experimental. Among the remedies tried are atoxyl, a chemical preparation containing arsenic, which has afforded marked, but only temporary, relief.

The immediate effect of atoxyl was to kill a large number of the trypanosomes, as the sleeping sickness microbe is called, but by a sort of process of selection another species of the germ, which is refractory to arsenic, rapidly developed, carrying off the patient.

Other serums are being tried, but, according to experts engaged in this branch of research, an effectual therapeutic agent against the malady has not yet been discovered.—Chicago News.

tians—must know a great deal more about us than we about them.

And here comes in the chilling thought. If the Martians thought it worth their while to speak to us, why have they not begun? Why have they not shown signs of desiring to open conversation? With their superior intelligence they should have been able to do so and to make us understand what they were doing.

Only two conclusions are possible. One is that Professor Lowell and Professor Pickering and all the rest of the speculators are mistaken about what they think they see. The other is that to the Martian intellect we are so insignificant that they do not care to give us any further attention, and that all our efforts to attract their attention would be vain.

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano? Bella—No, she just sifs in the audience and hums.—Puck

Commercial News

By P. R. Bartlett.

Labor conditions continue to exert a predominant influence on the stock market. As was noted last week, this influence has not been nearly as strong as was first expected, and, although there is no question about the situation tending to business quietude and hesitancy on the part of investors, it is also undoubted that the experience of the last two weeks confirms the opinion that the public is confident that the sugar interests are fully qualified to deal successfully with the situation as it is now presented.

The circulation of exaggerated and ill-considered reports of the prevailing labor difficulties has naturally had its effect on the mainland. San Francisco has responded to the tendency to overestimate the seriousness of the problem, and this has, of course, been reflected in the Stock Exchange quotations.

Confidence in the future is the keynote of the local situation. There has been a slight declining tendency noted in prices, but a number of stocks have continued active throughout the week.

The stock transactions for the week include the sales of 1250 shares of Olaa at \$4.50 and 100 at \$4.00.

The sale of 1110 shares of Oahu Sugar Company at \$31.50 and 30 at \$31.25 also emphasizes the fact that the labor conditions are not having a very depressing effect.

Ewa has not been slighted during the course of the week, 15 shares going for \$28.00, 120 at \$28.25, and 35 at \$28.50.

Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company stock has also been on the active list. Three hundred and eighty-three shares of that security were taken at \$30.00 and 40 shares went at \$30.50.

According to the reports that have been received from the other islands there does not seem to be much prospect of an extension of the labor difficulties, although it is admitted that, in their extremity, the agitators "for revenue only" will not hesitate to involve as many plantations as possible in the labor unrest.

(Continued on Page Five.)

Small Talks

ROYAL D. MEAD—The \$35 story from Porto Rico is not true. The sum offered is \$20.

COMMISSIONER ALMY—I thought I was a young man until my twenty-seven-year-old son came down on a visit.

GOV. CLEGGHORN—This plantation trouble might have been avoided by paying the good workers a little more and discharging all the bad workers.

R. K. BONINE—The surfing pictures which I have just secured will turn out, I think, to be the best ever taken of boys shooting the waves at Waikiki.

BILLY HOOGS—I know Leach, the successful bidder for the Pearl Harbor drydock. He's a man who will put it through. He's as persistent as a bulldog.

JACK DOYLE—If they say a Hawaiian can't work in the field or on a plantation, let them go down to Aiea and Waipahu now and see how well they're doing.

JUDGE HARTWELL—The late Charles Warren Stoddard was brought here originally to write for the old Saturday Press and to take up local correspondence with the New York Herald.

AUGUST REINECKE—Picture shows to right of you, picture shows to left of you, picture shows in front of you, and then look behind you. Pictures on top of you, open-air shows at that, and where will it all end?

JACK NOTLEY—A little diplomacy would have prevented all the trouble in the Riverside League. All the boys who turn out to play at Aala Park are good sportsmen. The trouble comes from the men who do not play in the games.

BILL HURLEY—San Francisco is a pretty fine place, all right, but I had to wear two suits of underclothes to keep warm, and nobody knew what I meant when I said "Aloha." So I came back to good old Honolulu, and the place looks mighty fine to me.

KEIO HASHIMURA—Say, you don't want to be seen with that Sheba any more. Japanese waiters have meeting and decide not read Shippo. Sheba he no sell papers, he go broke. Then some Japanese good man hit him hard with hammer. You seen with Sheba, you get hammer, too.

WIRELESS OPERATOR WARREN—It is a fact that "toy" wireless systems are a great hindrance to wireless operators at sea. There are so many of these so-called "toy" wirelesses in and around San Francisco that it is a hard job for us to connect with the land stations sometimes.

L. TEMPLE—I am surprised at the number of small boys and girls who attend the moving picture shows here in the evenings. As a general rule the pictures are good, but the management of the theaters should not be allowed to throw such pictures as "Crazed by Jealousy" and "Bingle, the Boy Bandit," and those of the rowdy class on the screen. They certainly corrupt the youthful mind.

Mark Twain on Shakespeare



SHAKESPEARE'S BUST IN STRATFORD CHURCH

To Mark Twain it seems the symbol of our belief in Shakespeare as the author of the plays—"The precious bust, the priceless bust, with the dandy mustache, and the putty face . . . with the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle expression of a bladder."

ALAS! MY FRIENDS!

Old Dr. Rudge possessed a fund of common sense and dry humor as valuable as his medical knowledge. One frosty morning he met a business friend who innocently remarked:

"Doctor, when you have a bad cold what do you do?"

"Why, I blow my nose and cough."—Lippincott's

Nell—Miss Oldgirl says she admires him because he is not like other men.

Belle—In what respect is he not like other men?

Nell—Well, he proposed to her.—Philadelphia Record.